

► Thinka 'Bout It

[Produced by Paris]

Yeah! Another funky song for your mind in the nine-two
And the nine-three, P-Dog in the motherf**kin' house!

Bout to get it started

Bout to get it started, live and direct from the underground
Still sayin' what I wanna say, and I ain't gon' never change

[Verse 1]

Oh what a shame, the way that we're dyin' up

Killin' ourselves with no help from the other one

Only thought, was how the hell to get your money on

Livin' in fear cause you're livin' in a war zone

So much funk, jump off from a wrong look

Make a wrong move one time and your life's took

Just the way it is when you're livin' in the city

The way we dyin' off is a motherf**kin' pity

Extra, extra, read all about it

Another one dead, he seen a bullet and he caught it

How many gotta fall off victim to the game

Or being a ho, to the cocaine thang

Makin' a rush up, to keep 'em comin' back again

You oughta know by now it ain't no love for African

People stay enslaved to the ways of America I'm scarin' ya

But I ain't goin' out like that, so think about it now

[Hook]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Yeah, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Uhh, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

[Verse 2]

People keep comin' up, askin' the news

They wanna know, why I do what I do
It's really kinda simple, so don't be amazed
It ain't no secret it's the way I was raised
Got much props from my pops cause he never stops
Bein' a father to his child, he cared a lot
Raised me up, and told me like this:
You better stand up for yours or be dissed
Be a man, and do for yourself
Better love your own befo' anyone else
It ain't nothin' in the big city but a small thang
To see a brother straight fall victim to the game
Somethin' that I roll with straight from the start
In a city where a fool and his money soon part
Where brothers might die over anything at all
I can't call it but I know you better watch your step

And think about it now

[Interlude]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Ay n***a what you need?"
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"I got five ten, what?"
"Yeah five ten fifteen twenty. I heard they got fifty."
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Ay n***a what? Ay n***a where you from?"
"Get that motherf**ker! Get that ol' n***a!"
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
(*gun shots*, *police siren*)
"Move man! Move!"
"Freeze motherf**ker freeze! Get your god damn hands in the air!"
"Oh sh*t! Oh sh*t! Oh sh*t. Oh sh*t. Oh Sh*t."
"The jury, having found you guilty, twenty-five years."
(*jail cell door slams shut*)

[Verse 3]

And now there's one last thing, I think we need to talk about
It might save your life and you die if you do without
Pokin in the puddin mean you better wrap tight
Tragic to Magic my soap in your eye
And now you better straighten up, and straighten up fast
Relyin on the guts and the luck of the last
Cause the fool was in with the skins shoulda never been
In with the skins no cap for the lap get waxed

Now, who growin up next?
Ready for the sex better check with the latex
So many trapped and set for the funk
Who take they life for a joke so I say wait a minute
Genocide from the suicide of dippin inside
Everybody die when the legs spread ride
Gave to the sons of the slave and it's man-made
AIDS and you're off to your grave, think about it now
[Hook]
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Uhh, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Yeah, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
One time for your mind, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Uh, yeah
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
P-Dog
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
For the nine-two, and the nine-three
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"